



25th Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1960

Our 51st Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

- I Remember –Just Barely
- Coach “Jug” Wilson
- The News Herald
- Glen Alpine Reunion
- Worth One’s Salt
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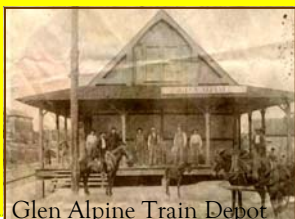
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Glen Alpine Train Depot

This 1960 Class Newsletter is an attempt to keep in contact with our classmates and update their happenings in life.

Website to Browse:

www.deweyfox.com

GLEN ALPINE FOOTBALL AND THE MAN BEHIND IT

On April 30, 2011, the Glen Alpine Football Field was renamed the “Coach Ralph Wilson Football Field.” In this edition of the newsletter you will see various articles on the football field dedication. This was done by a number of Glen Alpine graduating alumni. To follow is one of those stories.

From The News Herald by “Roy Waters.”

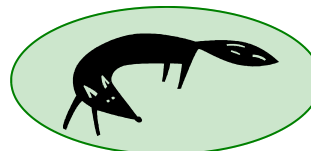
In the fall of 1954, I was a 21-year old, newly-married practice teacher under coaches Jug Wilson and Doc Arrington at Glen Alpine High School.

It was a great experience- certainly one I’ll never forget. I had
Go to Page 4 left

THIRTY YEARS OF GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

Mark your calendar for **September 10, 2011.** For your “Not typical class reunion.” A group of Glen Alpine High School graduates are planning a reunion. But this is not just another reunion, but a coming together of nearly 30 years of Glen Alpine graduates. The Glen Alpine Grand Reunion Committee is inviting classmates from classes between 1947 and 1976, including the 1973 freshman class that graduated from Freedom High School in Morganton.
Go to Page 2 top right

Please send me any news you may have and your email address for faster updates.



IT ALL HAPPENED IN GENESIS

I just needed this section completed and I would have this newsletter ready. I kept waiting for that breaking story or some feature articles on one of the classmates, but it never happened, so I’m filling in with this article about one of my favorite subjects, God.

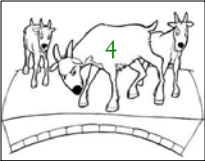
It all happened in Genesis. After God had created His master piece in six days, somewhat of a feat, but nothing is too big for my God. God gave Adam something that he

Go to Page 7 left side

Photo by Dewey Fox



Nice Wooden Bridge going into the new Lake James State Park



At a high school in Montana, a group of students played a prank; they let three goats loose inside the school.

But before turning them loose, they painted numbers on the sides of the goats: 1, 2, and 4.

School Administrators spent most of the day looking for goat No. 3...



A social worker from a big city in Massachusetts recently transferred to the mountains of North Carolina and was on the first tour of her new territory when she came upon the tiniest cabin she had ever seen in

her life.

Intrigued, she went up and knocked on the door ... "Anybody home?" she asked.

"Yep," came a child's voice through the door.

"Is your father there?" asked the social worker. "Pa? Nope, he left afore Ma came in," said the child.

"Well, is your mother there?" persisted the social worker.

"Ma? Nope, she left just afore I got here," said the child.

"But," protested the social worker, "are you never together as a family?"

"Sure, but not here," said the child through the door. "This is the outhouse!"

NO WORRIES

"The branch of the vine does not worry, and toil, and rush here to seek for sunshine, and there to find rain. No; it rests in union and communion with the vine; and at the right time, and in the right way, is the right fruit found on it. Let us so abide in the Lord Jesus."

—Hudson Taylor (1832-1905) British Christian Missionary

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

(Psalm 121:1-2 KJV)

From page 1, thirty years— The Grand Reunion is the brainchild of a group of former schoolmates who connected over Facebook.

For many former graduates of Glen Alpine, this may be a once-in-a-lifetime event. The youngest of graduates are nearing their 60s.

"We want to get the blood running of the people who once went to Glen Alpine," said Jo Ellen Cody, president of the reunion committee. "We want to make people laugh and cry.....everyone who ever went to Glen Alpine High School."

In preparation for the reunion, Robert Arrington has been recording his recollections. He is the son of former Glen Alpine Principal Lane Arrington who also taught chemistry and physics and was assistant superintendent of the Haywood County Schools. His son said, "I couldn't get away with anything."

Lane Arrington was principal of Glen Alpine in 1964-69 and actually handed Robert his diploma on graduation.

Robert Arrington said, "Glen Alpine was an interesting place to grow up." His parents shopped at Hennessee's Store and had a charge account there. His college roommate worked at Clinic Drug Store which still operates in Glen Alpine.

The Grand Reunion event is set for 6 p.m. September 10, 2011. The slogan is "The Glen Alpine Grand Reunion and Traditions, Memories and Friends."

They will be participating in the 4th of July Glen Alpine parade.

To raise money they have reunion items for sale: T-shirts, car tags, and will have other fund-raisers.

For further information, you may call Hair and Nails Unlimited at 307 Carbon City Road in Morganton, their phone number is 433-0894. Also you can stay in touch on Facebook, look for GAHS Reunion.

"We are trying to play without the ball when the church tries to evangelize before she has repented. The church can do many things after she has repented but nothing until she first repents."

— Vance Havner (1901-1986) pastor, author, speaker

"Jesus wept." (John 11:35 ASV)

CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960

I Remember –Just Barely.....Dewey Fox

Hennessee’s Store—I remember Hennessee’s Store on the main street of Glen Alpine. I guess the things that stand out the most are that you could buy about anything there; from a pair of shoes, carpenter nails, and your weekly groceries. Stores are now specialty shops. And the other thing that stands out, because it’s not done any more is that they would deliver your weekly groceries to your home by way of that pickup truck they had. Now folks that is by-gone years.

Clinic Drug Store—I also remember the main street drug store where you could get your pharmacy medicines for your cold or illness, as well as a fountain pop or coke as we use to call them. You could get that good tasting fountain drink because they mixed it right there in the store with syrup and a little water and crunched ice. I don’t believe you will be able to get a fountain drink today. The Clinic Drug Store is still open today. And may very well be the only continuously running store since our high school years. Think about it.

Loud Mufflers—Happened to think the other day that I never hear of anyone getting a ticket for loud mufflers on their automobile or motorcycle and sometimes these vehicles are very loud.—As we did in our teen driving day-. I guess law enforcement has more important things to do than running around chasing us guys with noise coming from the exhaust of our vehicles. I remember loud mufflers were a big thing back in our high school years, the louder the better we liked it, but we had to watch out for law enforcement or we would get a ticket. I remember that usually cars came with one exhaust and we would buy a modified kit to add a second exhaust pipe and muffler. I think we would sometimes, I believe, call them twin-packs or twin-glass-packs. Oh how good they sounded on those muscle cars. I was at a gas station sometime back and a ‘55 Chevy drove up to the gas tanks. We were talking about the muffler sound of his car. He knew that I liked the sound of his car, so he showered Next Column “Loud Mufflers”

“Phrases”

“Worth One’s Salt”

“For the worker is worth his meat.” Mathew. 10:10



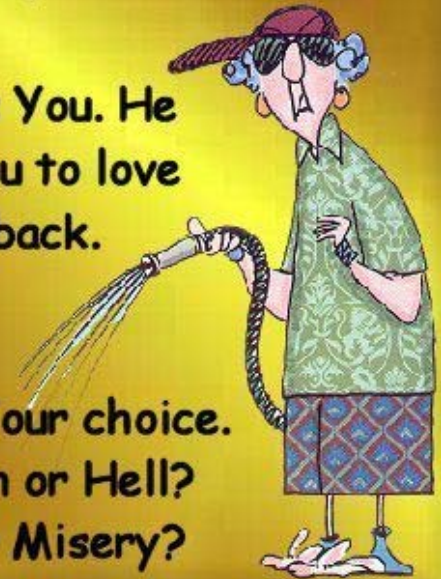
Worth one’s salary or wages. From the Roman custom of paying with salt. Today the saying denotes that workers should be paid what they’re worth.

Footnote: If this was true today, we may have a hard time collecting for our work.

God made you. Satan didn't.

**He loves You. He
wants you to love
Him back.**

**But it's Your choice.
Heaven or Hell?
Joy or Misery?**



From Left Column Loud Mufflers -down on the gas and “oh what a sound those glass-twin-packs and so what memories it brought back.” Anyone remember?
Phone Books—I knew I was in the technology age the other day when someone asked for a computer instead of a phone book to find a phone number.

Mark Twain once wrote that "When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years." The wisdom of a father is an unmatched wealth of experience and advice.

50 Years ago in Burke County

From *The News Herald*, Monday, May 09, 2011

- Sunny Nell Browning will be an attendant in the May Court at Mars Hill College. She is a freshman majoring in elementary education.

50 Years ago in Burke County

From *The News Herald*, Monday, May 16, 2011

- A safecracker with a professional touch looted the safe at Hennessee's Store in Glen Alpine. The break-in was accomplished by a cat burglar who crawled across the top of a row of business buildings to enter through the roof on the general store. Money appears to have been the sole target. The general store has been a landmark in Glen Alpine for 75 years.

Footnote: I know this doesn't have anything to do with the class, but thought it was an interesting bit of Glen Alpine history. I remember when this happened and I believe the cat burglar was caught later on. Dfox

50 Years ago in Burke County

From *The News Herald*, Monday, June 06, 2011

- Mrs. W. A. Young, a member of the Glen Alpine Woman's Club, received an award on behalf of her club at the recent state convention. The award recognized a one-act play she wrote for the club. The title is "Let's Count Ten."



Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all *things* under his feet:

(Psa 8:6 KJV)



From Page 1—three health and physical education classes, three general science classes daily and helped with the football team. Notice I didn't say "helped 'coach' the team," as I was there to learn as much football as I could from them and stay out of the way.

Those and many other memories came flooding back to me Saturday as I attended the ceremony naming the football field at Glen Alpine for Coach Wilson. I'm sorry I had to leave early and didn't get to tell a couple Jug Wilson stories. It was —See Next Column

good to see so many Green Wave fans, some of which I hadn't seen since '54.

The job Coach Wilson did at that small western Burke County school is legendary. The team won around 15 conference titles and three or four western state championships. (For some reason, the North Carolina High School Athletic Association split the schools into East and West and had no single, state-wide champion for several years. This happened at the very time Coach had some of his best teams)

Jug was a larger-than-life character, and even that is a vast understatement. He was a very big fellow with a commanding personality and when he walked into a room it was immediately a different place.

To say he loved sports and games is another understatement. He played them in high school at Hickory, then at Catawba College and played football at the all conference level at both places. For several years in the '50s, he was one of the best basketball players in the Morganton Industrial League and was a standout softball player as well.

On home-game Friday afternoons in '54, he and I ran up to the Marion Lake Club for a fast nine holes of golf. As a youngster, he had lost an eye in an accident, robbing him of his depth perception. But it didn't bother his golf.

Nor did it bother his uncanny ability to tell almost what every player of his did on every football play. He had an above-average intelligence and his best games may have been with cards. Everyone who played with him marveled at his skills and the fact that he knew at any time what cards had already been played.

I never asked him, but I think he may have enjoyed fishing more than any other sport. When he retired as head football coach at Freedom High in the 1980s, he had all the time he wanted for the lakes, rivers and ponds he loved so much.

Saturday's festivities also honored one of Glen Alpine's biggest patrons, "Pee Wee" Anderson. He announced all GA home games for many years. The school's announcer's box was named in honor of Pee Wee.

"Article shortened somewhat due to space."

FIELD DEDICATION

Green Wave of Memories

Wilson, Anderson dedication event set for Saturday in Glen Alpine.

GLEN ALPINE—Two well respected men in the Glen Alpine community will bring the town back for a day of “Green Wave” memories.

This special dedication event, set for Saturday, will re-name the football field and announcer’s box after two memorable faces.

The former gridiron pasture will be named the “Coach Ralph E. Wilson Football Field,” while the green and white press box will be called the “Coach Graham “Pee Wee” Anderson Announcer’s Box”.

Coach Ralph “Jug” Wilson was the head coach of the Glen Alpine Green Wave from 1949-73 where he captured 15 Skyline Conference football championships. While the head coach at Glen Alpine, Wilson was recognized as the Lions Bowl co-coach (1960), the Western N. C. Coach of the Year (1963), the Pepsi Prep Coach of the Year (1965), Shrine Bowl assistant coach (1966), North-South Bowl assistant coach (1966) and the Scholastic Football Coach of the Year (1966).

“Ralph would be elated (about the naming of the field and this memorable day). His focus was on winning,” said Mrs. Wilson, his wife and the mother of five children.

“This means a lot to our family. Football was our livelihood on Friday nights. We basically lived on campus. I can still hear the sound of the players’ cleats going down the steps on the way to the Glen Alpine football field.”

Coach Wilson, who was also the head coach at Freedom High School from 1973-82, was inducted into both the WNC Sports Hall of Fame and the Burke County Sports Hall of Fame in 1995.

“Ralph was well-respected in the community. He was a hard-working coach,” added Mrs. Wilson.

“Ralph was a devoted father and husband who loved to have lots of fun. He was an excellent cook, taught the (four) girls how to play poker and was avid fisherman and hunter. When he attended the yearly NCHSAA coaching clinic in the summertime, Ralph



“From the local News Herald”
Former Glen Alpine and Freedom football coach Ralph “Jug” Wilson stands next to a brand new Willys Jeep given to him by the Glen Alpine Quarterback Club.

would always bring home a present for each kid and myself.”

Coach Wilson passed away on August 02, 1999.

“We received an unreal number of cards and comments,” said coach Wilson’s youngest daughter, Anna Scott. “We didn’t realize how he touched so many lives in a deep way.”

“We received cards from his classmates at Catawba College as well as college football coaches. Lenoir-Rhyne’s Handley Painter commented on what a great job Dad had one coaching football. Spruce Pine High’s coach, Doug Green, placed a ‘Score TDs in heaven’ sentiment on a flower arrangement.”

Ray Merrill, an all-conference and all-Burke County football player for three years at Glen Alpine high, spoke highly of his high school football coach.

“Coach Wilson made football and life so special, He meant a lot to so many people. Coach Wilson would have loved to see this special day....but his spirit is there on the football field.” Ray Merrill

(From The News Herald, Monday, April 25, 2011, written by Tommy Fleming. Shorten somewhat.)



The family of legendary Burke County football coach Ralph “Jug” Wilson. From left are daughters Polly Wilson, Anna S. Wilson, Cindy Wilson, grandson Ralph Wilson, daughter Mylinda Wilson and wife Anna Wilson.

(From The News Herald Sunday May 1, 2011)

From The News Herald, May 13, 2011

In Appreciation

Wilson Family offers thanks

For many years, the tiny football field in Glen Alpine came alive during home games and seemed to become a giant stadium. With the smell of popcorn in the air, we all anticipated seeing the first flash of green and white and hearing the click of cleats as the Mighty Green Wave ran from the gym to the field. Almost everyone in the small town turned out to see the team play.

Leading the Green Wave was Coach Ralph “Jug” Wilson. That field came to mean a lot to Coach as he fielded winning team after winning team- turning boys into men who could be counted on to give their best. In 1990, the street next to the field was renamed Jug Wilson Street- an honor Coach always said was the highest of his Hall of Fame career. “After all,” he’d say, “Glen Alpine is a small town and there aren’t that many streets.”

On Saturday, April 30, 2011, the field itself was named the Coach Ralph Wilson Football Field. He would have loved the day- the bright sunshine, his family gathered around, his friends and former players in attendance. It was an awesome day.

We want to thank everyone who helped make this possible especially Ray Merrill, Sue Merrill Abernathy, Bob Duckworth, the Burke County School Board, the Glen Alpine High School Reunion Committee and all those who came to share the day with us.

We also want to congratulate Graham “Pee Wee” Anderson having the press box named for the “Voice of the Green Wave” and thank him for his dedication to pee wee and midget football in Glen Alpine.

We want to thank former East Burke High School football coach Danny Williams and former state Senator Dan Simpson for speaking on Coach’s behalf- reminding us why we loved the man who has been described as a gentle giant. We tip our hats to Roy Waters and The News Herald for its coverage of the event.

Thanks, too, to all the former players- male and female- who told stories about Coach- some funny,

some touching, but all deeply appreciated by his family. It is really humbling to see grown men get choked up talking about the man they knew as Coach and we knew as husband, father and grandfather. These stories especially helped to bring to life Coach Wilson for his 20-year grandson, Ralph Wilson III, who was only 10 when his grandfather died.

Thank you for the very memorable day. We love you all.

MRS. RALPH E. WILSON AND THE WILSON FAMILY

Hi Dewey,

I don’t know if I properly thanked you and the classmates for including me in the 50th reunion, so please accept my heartfelt thanks, it was an event to remember.

I also meant to tell you sooner that there is no need to mail newsletters to me, though it is nice to get mail. Save yourself the time and expense, I can go on-line, download and print if needed.

Hope you and your family are well.

Sincerely,

Mary Powell Spewachek



Two elderly women in my church were discussing the problems of growing older.

One commented, "The worst thing is when your memory starts to go. I've known you all my life,

and I can't think of your name. What is it?"

The second lady thought for a moment and said, "Do you need an answer right now?"

— Jacqueline J. Warner, Florence, Kentucky, *Christian Reader*, "Lite Fare."

We have now published 25 Newsletter since the birth of this news cast in 2003.

**THIS IS THE 25TH
EDITION OF THE
CLASS OF 1960
NEWSLETTERS**



From page 1—Genesis probably had never dreamed of. He gave him Eve. (Gen. 2:22-25) And he gave Adam the instructions to look after her. (Gen.2:24) He left her unprotected in the garden and what happened, the serpent came by and contradicted the Words of God by telling Eve, “You surely will not die!” (Gen 3:4) Eve saw that the tree was good for food and was a delight to the eyes and the tree was desirable to make one wise. Eve then took of the fruit and ate and then she even gave some to her husband and to my surprise Adam ate of the fruit that Eve offered him. (Gen. 3:6) Even after God told them not to eat of the tree in the middle of the garden. God added that they were not to eat from it, or touch it, or they would die. (Gen. 3:3)

Adam and Eve had everything going for them, living forever in a perfect garden and communing directly with God. Genesis verse 3:9 said that God came a walking one day and called to the man. You notice this; Eve ate and then gave to Adam, but God called Adam, the man. There was only one commandment that man had to keep and they couldn't keep just one. (Gen. 3:11) **Go to RIGHT SIDE** →

“Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” (Gal 6:2 KJV)



Glen Alpine Elementary School building before it was torn down. Sometime After Summer of 2001

I remember a few things; that we climbed the steps daily getting to the second floor where Ms. Smith was my teacher, I believe, it was the sixth grade.

I think there was three buildings, the Primary, the Elementary and the High School. No Junior High.

“Two Pictures by way of Linda Watson Anderson”



Books to be Read in the Shortest Time-

I'm sure many of you are book readers. I have some suggestions that won't take you long to read.

- Detroit: A Travel Guide
- Things I Cannot Afford by Bill Gates
- The Amish Phone Directory
- Amelia Earhart's Guide to the Pacific
- My Book on Morals by Bill Clinton
- Spotted Owl Recipes by the EPA
- My Super Bowl Highlights by Dan Marino

ENJOY the World's Thinnest Books

→ **From LEFT SIDE**—Adam immediately said to God, this woman whom You gave me, she gave me food from the tree and I ate. (Gen. 3:12) Adam already started playing the blame game, “It was someone else's fault.” Then when God asked the woman, she blames it on the serpent, “The serpent deceived me, and I ate.” (Gen 3:13)

Why can we not accept the blame and say, “It was my fault,” and go on. Why the blame game. And by the way, it still happens today, it has for some 7000 years.

Dewey E Fox



Glen Alpine Primary School building before it was torn down. Sometime After Summer of 2001

I remember walking in the door as a first-time ever student of the first grade. Mrs. Eggers was my teacher. That would have been about 1948. I think Mrs. Eggers first name was Irene and W. A. Young was principle as he was during all my twelve years. And also remember that Mrs. Eggers was the mother of our darling Anne Eggers.

From The News Herald, May 16, 2011

Mules were a fertile source of news in Burke County



The following is, if you'll excuse the pun, a "tale" of two mules. Through no fault of their own they did some news-worthy things worth retelling.

The first was Old Kate. She was born shortly after the end of World War I, while Woodrow Wilson was president. She was born on the Briscoe Morrison farm, off highway 64 in the Mount Olive Church area, and at the time of this story, was still there.

She turned 40 on June 17, 1959, still going strong.

A 40-year-old mule's age is said to be the equivalent of a man's 130- to 140 years. If so, Old Kate was a regular Methuselah in the mule kingdom.

Morrison always bragged on that mule. He had others, but Old Kate was his favorite.

"She was always a favorite among children," he added.

"Never was bad about kicking, but was hard to catch when she once broke loose and got away."

Morrison related a story from many years ago. Old Kate ran off, but towards nightfall she evidently saw an open stable door and went inside. The stable's owner passed by and shut the door. He had no livestock himself, and did not spy Old Kate seeking shelter. People found Morrison's runaway mule two days later. She had been without food and water all that time.

Morrison was nearly 77 when The News Herald published this story. He, like Old Kat, was born on the farm where he lived. His wife was near-ly 80. They married in 1905, and had seven children.

When asked what he was going to do with the aged mule, Morrison replied, "Nothing. She is loose in the pasture and can stay there until she dies. She was born on this farm and she can spend her remaining days here."

Old Kate may possibly have been the oldest mule that ever lived in Burke County.

The other mule hit the news in April 1960 after it hit bottom in a 72-foot-deep well.

The mule owned by Clem Branch of Route 2 may have been following or chasing the animal near his home off Bost Road when it fell through old boards covering the unused well.

The mule landed in an upright position.

Neighbors tried to rescue the animal, but they were unsuccessful.

A wrecker was called. It couldn't raise the 800-pound animal. So, they called in the Burke County Rescue Squad about 7:45 in the evening to begin a long, tedious operation.

The squad lowered two members into the well. They succeeded in placing one rope around the mule's head and neck. They injected a sedative to quiet him. The squad lowered a larger rope and the men in the well put it around the mule. They also put a smaller rope around its pawing feet.

The squad pumped fresh air into the well to revive the mule.

Finally the Rescue Squad used the A-frame on the unit's cargo carrier and, with neighbors and squad members furnishing the manpower, literally muscled out the animal.

Finally back on open ground, the mule moved a bit unsteadily, but could walk off under his own power. A quick exam determined that the mule had not suffered any broken bones.

The operation took some four hours, and everyone that helped in the rescue was, to say the least, "all in."

For a good deal of time after that the Burke County Rescue Squad's nickname was "the muleskinners."

"Michael Conley is a local amateur historian whose Remember When column appears on alternate Mondays in The News Herald."

Editor's note: Donna Campbell Smith of Franklinton, who writes often about mules in North Carolina, says the state still had about a quarter million mules in 1950, but trucks and tractors quickly displaced them on the farm; by 1960 there were too few to count. N.C. State University surveyed the equine industry in 2009. It counted not quite 25,000 mules. By one estimate Burke County has 400-500 mules.

I know this has nothing to do with the class of 1960, but thought it was a good mule story, especially since it happened somewhere in our high school years.

Maybe you have your own mule story. If you were raised on a farm, you probably do.

Dewey E. Fox